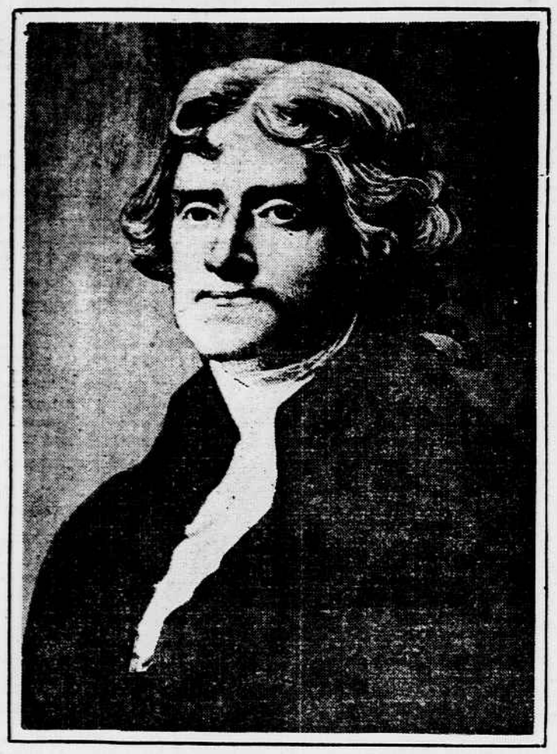
Romance in the History of Our Department of State

Probably Less Known Concerning This Great Branch of the Government Than Any Other—Silence, Mystery and Dignity—Its History Goes Back to the Revolution, When Its Letters Were Written With Invisible Ink and When Its Office Force Consisted of a Secretary, Whose Salary Was $700 a Year, and One Clerk—Great Men Who Have Directed Foreign Affairs of the United States—A State Department Genius—When Polk Warned Buchanan—Early Foreign Troubles—Madison and His Debts.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE Department of State is reposeful, formal and mysterious. Treaties with many countries, letters from many nations and the great seal of the republic are locked within its vaults.

"Whatever else may be said of us," the walls, desks and documents seem to boast, in a precise and baronial tone of voice, "we are ancient, ceremonious, mute, for most part, and enormously dignified and reputable.

Although the State Department, because of torpedoes, sunken ships and diplomatic notes and conversations, together with Mr. Bryan, recently has been the source of many first-page stories in the press, little is actually known about it by the people whom it represents and from whom are drawn the funds for its support. The Post Office Department is the plebeian, while the State Department is the patrician, among the executive branches of the national government.

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Diplomacy, except in the United States, being a black art, is often practiced in secret. The habit of silence, therefore, has become traditional, and, though monarchical, has been copied by republics. Men glide about the corridors and offices of the State Department as noiselessly as young surgeons in a hospital. An ambassador, you understand, might happen along without warning and any indecorum would be unbecoming.

Then all foreign offices strive to be impressive. There is a putting to strangers, the world over, of the best foot forward. Jefferson, in France negotiating treaties of commerce, spent $9,000 a year, which was his salary, along with the revenues from his large plantation, in fashionable living.

At home, however, and as President he, on one occasion at least, gave formal audience to a distinguished man "not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels and both pantaloons, coat and underclothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances. Such apparel, if worn in Paris, would have hurt the new republic for which he was bargaining.

The Secretary of State receives $12,000 a year. Jefferson, under Washington, was paid $2,500. The salary was raised to $6,000 in 1819, to $8,000 in 1853 and to $1,000 a month in 1911. Early in the revolutfonary war a committee on secret correspondence was appointed by the Continental Congress. The committee was the small seed from which sprang the mighty Department of State.

Thomas Paine, infidel and author of "Common Sense," the pamphlet which helped to bring on the revolution, was the secretary of the committee. His salary was $70 a month. He was turned out of office, however, because in one of his numerous controversies with a public man he gave publicity to a matter of foreign business.

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The committee was instructed by Congress to keep the American agents in France, Holland, Spain and Russia informed about the progress of the war and other events in this country. It seems to have failed in performing any real service of value and was superseded by the Department of Foreign affairs, the name being afterward changed to the Department of State.

Correspondence with the European agents was carried on in cipher and often with invisible ink. Ordinarily seven copies of a letter would be made and sent abroad by as many messengers traveling on several ships. On each envelope was written the warning: "To be sunk in case of danger from the enemy." It is known that some of the letters were captured by the British.

Two rooms were occupied by the Department of Foreign Affairs. The Secretary, John Jay, later to become the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, sat in one room and his clerk in the other. The office was kept open from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening.

Ranking just below the Secretary of State, as the department is organized today, comes the counselor, whose salary is $7,500 a year. Robert Lansing, the present Secretary of State, was the counselor under Mr. Bryan. The assistant secretary of state receives $5,000 and the second and third assistants $4,500 each. Twenty-seven other officials, including the solicitor, whose pay is $5,000 a year, get salaries ranging from that amount to $1,500.

The two translators, John S. Martin, jr., a Philadelphian and a graduate of the University of France, and Wilfred Stevens, a graduate of the public schools of Minnesota and a printer by trade, are each paid $2,100 a year. Mr. Stevens is one of the most remarkable linguists in the world, being able to translate thirty Asiatic and European languages.

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Communications from this government to other governments are written in English; those from other governments to this government are written in the languages of the countries from which the communications come. Hence the translators of the State Department must be capable of reading all the tongues that are commonly and officially spoken on earth.

The one clerk of John Jay's time has been succeeded by seventeen at $1,800 a year each, nineteen at $1,600, twenty-five at $1,400, forty-three at $1,200, eighteen at $1,000 and eighteen at $900. There are also messengers, packers, telephone operators and laborers. The war with Spain made the United States a "world power." Likewise it very nearly doubled the employes of the State Department, not to mention the increase of the sailors in the navy or of the soldiers in the army.

"Under the direction of the President"—a very significant phrase—the Secretary of State carries on correspondence with public ministers and consuls of the United States and with the representatives of the foreign powers stationed in this country and undertakes "negotiations of whatever character relating to the foreign affairs of the United States."

So, also, he is the officer through whom the President communicates with the governors of the states comprising the Union. He is the custodian of the great seal of the nation and countersigns and affixes the seal to all executive proclamations, to various commissions and to warrants for the extradition of fugitives from justice. He keeps the treaties made with foreign countries and has the custody of the laws passed by Congress. He also publishes the laws and resolutions of Congress and the amndments made to the Constitution. He issues passports to Americans about to travel overseas.

"If," to quote its own words descriptive of its functions, "an Italian immigrant is shot, a Japanese restaurant is stoned or a Greek is arrested, the machinery of the State Department must be put in motion to ascertain the facts and whether there is just cause for complaint."

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Furthermore, "if a citizen of the United States is arrested abroad and thrown into jail, the representative of this government in that country must at once undertake an investigation, ascertain the facts and make the necessary representation for the protection of the rights of the individual."

And meanwhile the Secretary of State sits next to the President at meetings of the cabinet and outranks all of the other secretaries. If the President and Vice President are removed from office, die, resign or, for any other cause, are incapable of serving, the Secretary of State himself automatically becomes President.

Anciently, the office of Secretary of State was supposed to be the vestibule of the White House—only it was called "the stepping-stone" in those faraway days. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan, all Secretaries of State, were elected to the presidency. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, William H. Seward, James G. Blaine, Thomas F. Bayard, John Sherman and William J. Bryan failed to obtain the great honor they sought.

All of the Secretaries of State but one have been lawyers. The exception was Edward Everett, who was a Unitarian clergyman, a professor of Greek and the president of Harvard College. Thomas Pickering was admitted to the bar, but went off to the revolutionary war before he had an opportunity to practice. Afterward he was a commission merchant in Philadelphia and a farmer in western Pennsylvania.

John Hay, though a lawyer, always called himself an author. Immediately after his admission to the bar in Illinois he came to Washington as one of Lincoln's secretaries. Not even their friends will say that Blaine, Sherman and Bryan were eminent as legal advocates or counselors.

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More than one Secretary of State has resigned. Blaine left the cabinet of Benjamin Harrison purposely to be a candidate for President. When Polk wrote to Buchanan and asked him to accept the first place in his ministry, he took occasion to add a prudent word of warning. "Should any member of my cabinet," he said, "become a candidate for the presidency or vice presidency of the United States, it will be expected, on the happening of such an event, that he will retire from the cabinet."

Old John Adams first gave Pickering an opportunity to resign. When Pickering refused to do so, Adams instantly dismissed him, which rigorous performance recalls the case of Metternich, the first minister of Austria. "This is not a riot," the Austrians had cried in mockery of Metternich, "but a revolution." The people, he was told, at the council of the royal family in the palace, demanded his resignation.

"I will not resign," Metternich replied with much decision.

"You will not resign?" said John the archduke, raising his eyebrows, but half concealing a smile. "You have resigned."

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The first quarrel in the cabinet was between Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury. Jefferson, reluctant to leave the company of the political philosophers of Paris, in whose speculations he joined most heartily, yielded to the repeated importunities of Washington, returned home and became Secretary of State.

War debts, foreign and domestic, embarrassed the young nation. Hamilton wanted the debts of the states, amounting to $18,000,000, assumed by the national government as a matter of honor, safety and sound finance. The south was opposed to the suggestion. "He walked me (in the street) backward and forward before the President's door for half an hour," Jefferson wrote of Hamilton, explaining why he agreed to assumption.

The next day, at a dinner in Jefferson's house, a trade was arranged by which the southern members of Congress afterward voted for assumption, and in return the eastern members, notably those from Massachusetts and Connecticut, voted to locate the National Capital on the banks of the Potomac river. Jefferson complained later that he had been duped by Hamilton. "The break between Hamilton and Jefferson," as John T. Morse, the biographer and historian, says, "was never healed."

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Foreign questions troubled Washington more than they have troubled any of his successors. John Jay, for example, now Chief Justice, going to Great Britain, where he negotiated the celebrated treaty, which still bears his name, and which brought about the dawn of "American commercial liberty," was burned in effigy by his mistaken and infuriated countrymen. Meetings of indignation were held. Washington, his services in the revolution for the moment forgotten, was threatened with impeachment.

"You are treacherous in private friendship and are a hypocrite in public," Thomas Paine had the audacity to say in a letter to Washington. "The world will be puzzled to decide," he continued, "whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any."

It was at this time that Washington cried out: "I would rather be in my grave than in the presidency."

Having turned Timothy Pickering out of the Department of State, the second President, John Adams, called John Marshall to the chief post in his cabinet. Adams at the very end of his administration made Marshall the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Marshall was asked, however, to remain in the cabinet until Adams went out of office.

A picture, drawn by James Parton, shows Marshall, on the night of March 3, 1801, busily writing out commissions for several United States judges whom Adams had appointed under a law just passed by Congress. Levi Lincoln, so Parton says, who was to be Jefferson's Secretary of State for a few days and until James Madison could bury his father, walked in upon Marshall at 9 o'clock.

"I have been appointed Secretary of State," Lincoln told Marshall, "and am here to take charge of the business of the office."

"But it is not midnight," Marshall answered.

"It is by the President's watch," Lincoln replied, showing Jefferson's own watch, the hands of which had been turned ahead for the occasion. "The President's watch," Lincoln remarked with energy, "decides the matter.

"Mr. Jefferson," Lincoln continued, "became President at 12:01 o'clock, March 4. It is now past that hour, and I am Secretary of State."

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Marshall, by the account of Parton, immediately put on his hat and departed. Allan B. Magruder, in his "Life of John Marshall," dismisses the story "as unworthy of any credence whatever."

The British minister, Sir Augustus Foster, wrote his government that Madison, the Secretary of State, was a better informed man than Jefferson, the President. "Moreover," said Sir Augustus, "Madison is a social, jovial and good humored companion, full of anecdote, sometimes rather of a loose description, but oftener of a political and historical interest."

The house that Madison rented cost him $600 the first year and $500 thereafter. He purchased fine porcelain, glass and silverware and imported wines, olives, olive oil and preserved fruits. His second-hand coach was bought in Philadelphia for $510, and his harness was silver-plated. A race horse was owned jointly by himself and a friend. Merchants complained that he was not prompt in meeting his bills and his rent was often overdue. He owned two farms in Virginia and a number of slaves, and had control of Montpelier, the 1,800-acre estate that had belonged to his father. But Dolly Madison, his wife, was the leader of Washington society.

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The contest in 1824 for the presidency between John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and William H. Crawford, not having been decided at the polls, was thrown into the House of Representatives. Clay turned his support over to Adams. Thus Adams became President, and he, in turn, appointed Clay Secretary of State. Jackson, furious with disappointment, called Clay "the Judas of the West," adding that he "had closed his contract and received thirty pieces of silver."

In the Senate, picturesque, eccentric and acrimonious John Randolph, termed the "bargain" between Adams and Clay "the coalition of Blifil and Black George—a combination unheard of till now, of Puritan and blackleg."

A challenge passed from Clay to Randolph. At the first shot of the duel that followed both men missed. Clay's bullet, however, went through Randolph's coat. Clay's second bullet cut another hole in Randolph's coat, but Randolph shot in the air, saying: "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay."

Thereupon the Secretary of State, having proved that he was not a blackleg, shook hands with the senator from Virginia and the quarrel was honorably closed.

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"To Mr. Van Buren," says Edward M. Shepard one of his biographers, "more than to any man of his time, must be awarded the credit of forming the creed of the Jeffersonian democracy." Gen. Jackson not only placed Van Buren at the head of his cabinet, but he also helped him into the presidency itself.

Secretaries of State have been killed politically. It would do no good, however, to mention them by name. One of them, Abel Parker Upshur of Virginia, was killed physically. It was during John Tyler's administration and the President and members of his cabinet, on board the United States steamer Princeton, were witnessing the firing of a large wrought-iron cannon. The cannon, which was called the Peacemaker, burst at the third shot. Upshur and several other men were killed.

Election returns on the night of November 6, 1860, were read by Abraham Lincoln in the telegraph office of Springfield. Mr. Lincoln put on his spectacles and scanned the bulletins, which he carefully spread across his knee. "When I finally bade my friends good night and left the room," he afterward said, "I had substantially completed the framework of my cabinet."

Early the next month Seward, then a senator, received a letter from Lincoln inviting him to be Secretary of State. Seward left Washington at once to consult his wife and Thurlow Weed, the grandfather of William Barnes, who, not long ago, sued Theodore Roosevelt for slander. Seward accepted Mr. Lincoln's offer. He had hoped to be President himself; he would now go into the cabinet and safeguard the country against disaster.

On his arrival in Washington to be inaugurated Lincoln was asked if he meant to appoint Montgomery Blair Postmaster General. "If the slate is broken again," Lincoln answered, "it will be at the top."

The sentence was caught up and carried to Seward, who immediately wrote to Lincoln that he had changed his mind and would not leave the Senate. The letter was received Saturday. Lincoln was to be inaugurated Monday. "I cannot afford to let Seward take the first trick," Lincoln told his secretary, whom he sent to Seward with written and comforting oral messages. And Seward changed his mind again.

There may be repose, and even languor, and formality, reticence and mystery within the gray walls of the Department of State, but there is, at the same time, a great deal of human nature.

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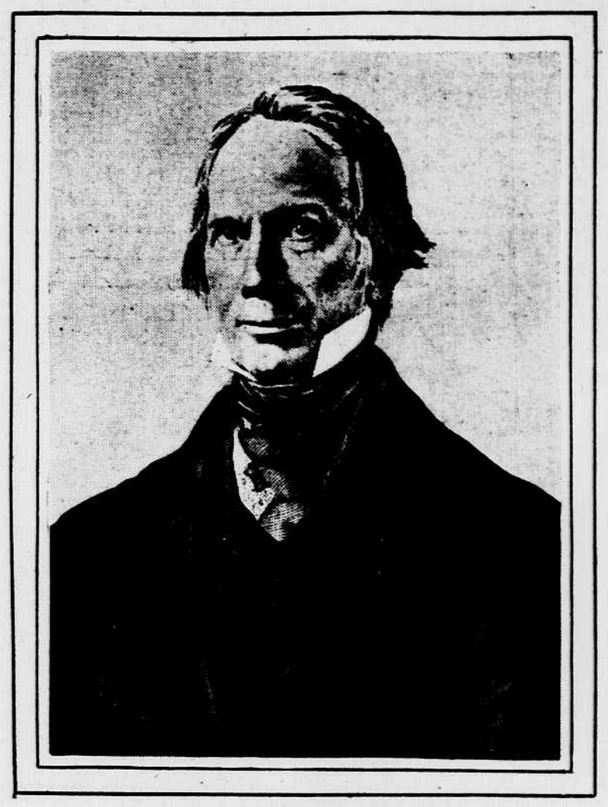
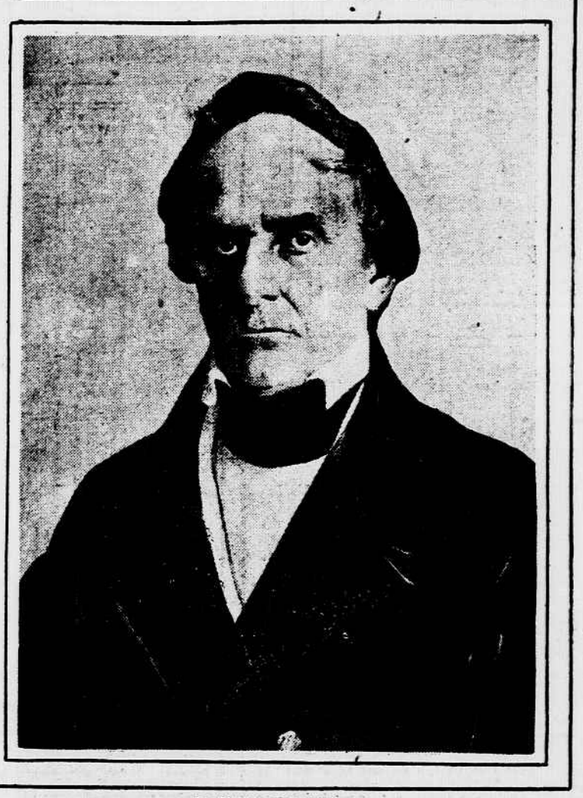


HENRY CLAY.



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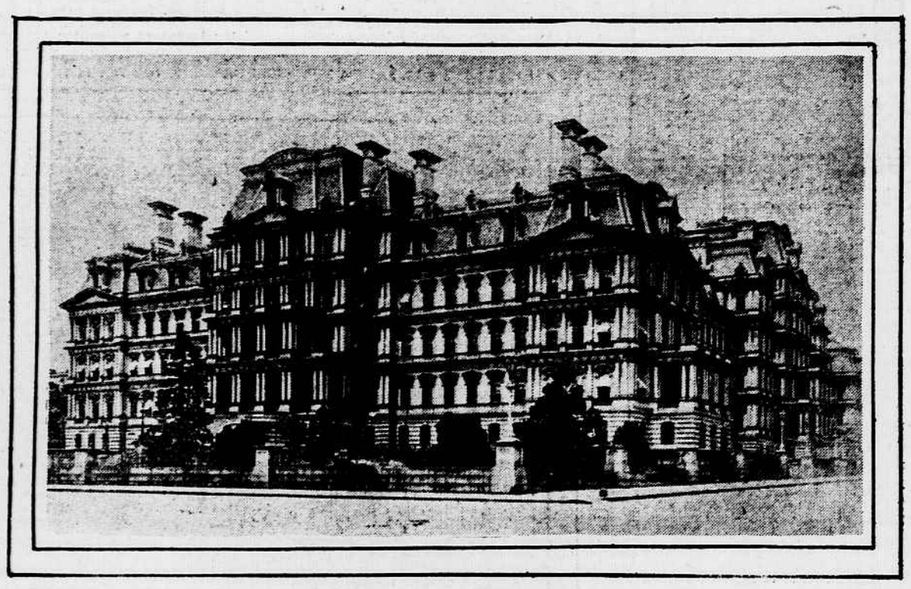

STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING.

All Paris Waiting for Zeppelins, the "Night Birds of War," Says Heilig

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, July 8, 1915.

WE bought our masks today. Six masks for three persons, at $3 per person, $9. It is once only in a lifetime; and they will be relics. Also, they may save us against death, blindness or burnt lungs for life.

Relics of what a period!

We are not soldiers. We are just an American family living quietly in Paris. We do not hear the fracas of war—Paris is nowhere near the fighting zone. Why, we can automobile all round the countryside, to Meaux, Chantilly, Fontainebleau. Paris is the same old Paris—big shops, moving pictures, cafe terraces, dressmakers, milliners, art shows, matinees and promenades all day.

All day, yes; but at night——

At night, the night birds—the Zeppelins.

The other night, when the janitor came warniing, "Zeppelins! Lights out!" I regretted having waited for the "best" masks. We refused a copy of the tin-snout German model, which makes one look really too much like a hog. Yet the tin snout holds an extra quantity of cotton soaked in hyposulphite—very model taken from German squirters on the fighting line.

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Quick! The old auto mask on the hallway table—souvenir of the Alpine pass trip which we were to take last summer. It will preserve mother's eyes. Hastily we hunt in trunks and closets for no matter what neglected goggles. Louise, the servant, whimpers, "I can hold wet cotton to my mouth, but what about my sight?" She mourns, "The poison gas—they say it burns like fire!"

"Put out that light!"—"But I must see, to find my shoes!"—"You don't need shoes. We stay right in this flat."—"I'm going to the cellar!"—"Shut the windows!"—"Open the windows! All the papers say to let the air in!"

In the darkness of our flat thin thin streaks of white light squirt. Each has a pocket electric lamp—$1.40 apiece and extra batteries $2; total, $6.20. Crash! Mother has upset the dictionary stand.

I look out into the night.

"Stop smoking at the window. You will get accused of lighting signals!"

The street is as black as a hat. Laughter and scuffling feet—a late party clutters up from the corner, yet I cannot distinguish a figure. Beyond, a snatch of song, "It's the Veal and the Salad."

Murmurs, whispers, giggles. Behind the sheet-iron shutters of each flat they peep and rumor. A strip of white light sweeps across the sky—searchlight from Mont Valerien.

Darkness, waiting. Brrr! A guardian aeroplane, thank goodness! No, a snore. Dewey has fallen asleep in the dining room. Peace, oblivion.

What's that? Fracas and laughter on the front stairs. I peep out. The refugees are coming up from the cellars. Elegant women in gowns and furs, in ulsters and motor caps, in street skirts and lingerie blouses, their jewel boxes under their arms, their corsages bulging with bank notes, mount the stairs in a flood of reckless light, escorted by middle-aged husbands, a lieutenant on crutches and the white-moustached old pirate of the fourth.

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They laugh in relief. The danger is over. The police have just told the janitor—the Zeppelins were chased back at Chateau-Thierry.

"Why didn't you come down? Port wine for gentlemen, and Mme. X. poured tea!" "Where is that dog?" "The Zeppelins send regrets—detained" "Ace, king, queen, ten." "A table carpet and nine chairs, mon cher!" "The cellar bridge club, new appointments, new attractions!"

In the morning the janitor's wife entertains the servants—and Louise brings up the news. The German family in the back street signaled! "That's what we get for giving them residence permits!" "Nonsense, the man is sixty-eight, his wife is French, and their son is at the front!" "Aha, as if that mattered!" The janitor's wife is an accomplished type of idiot. "They're also French who signaled, allez. A flat in the Rue de Chartres was bright lit. As I tell you, madame, pardie, for their selfish safety. It is well known that the Zeppelins never drop bombs on a guiding signal."

A Zeppelin (says Louise) went over the adjoining suburb of Courbevoie yesterday afternoon. Twenty persons saw it. It dropped a stream of white powder.

Four bombs (says Angele) fell on Mont-Valerien this morning. She knows it from Mme. Aubrat, the dressmaker, whose young brother met a boy bicycling from Suresnes. Of course, it's not in the papers. It's forbidden to excite the people.

Servants' talk? Wait.

My friend Algernon—Anglo-Saxon of wealth and leisure—knows that Zeppelins sail by night, in silence, over Paris and all France. "No noise, no bombs. They're dropping typhoid germs and cholera culture, in gelatin capsules as big as your fist. They smash on the ground, and the stuff spreads. Don't you read the papers? Recent German prisoners are found to have been vaccinated against cholera—set down, plain, in each one's military passbook! That's what they mean when they wag their heads and say, 'Wait a month!' Haven't you seen the letters of Camille Flammarion and Ramazotti?"

Again. In the days when I hesitated over the tin-snout, I inquired at Brown's. Brown is a Parisian druggist. He ought to be an authority on masks, because the Zeppelin raid of June 6 blew up his London factory "and an awful lot of soap."

"The best mask," said Brown, "is the hermetic. I am taking one home to my wife. Nickel-steel-net jaw-piece, fastens at the back with a shoe-buttoner. Medicated wad in place—you only need to soak it."

Are masks necessary?

"I am no alarmist," says Brown, "I'll not speak of Paris, but I'll tell you as he told me, a doctor from Hull, who blew in here—straight from Hull, where, he says, that east coast Zeppelin raid killed 400. Of course, they keep it out of the English papers. They rolled in the street with burnt lungs and bumped against each other, blinded."

The poison gas, he says, is compressed to a liquid, as thick as molasses. A quart bomb poisons the air of a street for an eighth of a block.

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Naturally, I hurried to the sporting goods concern for the hermetics. They preferred an elegant adaptation of the German article, all soft rubber and mica, covering face, head, neck and shoulders, like a shawl. "It isolates the entire nut," the clerk said, "chlorine gas notoriously penetrating under the edges of a small mask."

Price, $3. I hesitated.

"For the trenches?" inquired the clerk, amiably. (He had only ten hermetics left, and fifteen customers waiting.) "For Paris? No! You don't need masks like that for Paris. What you want is a little mask, to carry, ready-soaked, in a metallic case—slap it on and run, fifty steps, out of the zone. Here's the ready folder, price $1.40."

On the boulevard outside, I met G——, the photographer.

His pockets bulged.

"I am out for hyposulphite," he said. "Need it constantly in my business to develop plates; but with this rush and the French war department requisitioning it to spray the front, even the kodaks limit each purchaser to half a pound. The Paris police, they say, are ready to spray the air of the streets—in any quarter. Surely, it's practicable. Not even bromide gas rises above twelve feet. It stands like a pale canary-colored fog. The police just squirt into it and it disappears. Why, no, I've got no mask. What good is a mask against a 180-pound trinitrotoluol bomb, fourteen times as explosive as dynamite? Me for a quiet second floor!"

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So the hot afternoon passed, in Paris.

With my packages, I took the Neuilly tram. The girl conductor had the heavy blinds down. (Girl conductors, now, on all the lines, train other girls, while middle-aged male experts shift about to help them.)

"Cooler with the blinds down," she said, "and they'll be down for the back trip, into Paris." (The cars are electric-lighted, and the ordinance demands the blinds by twilight.)

On the parlor mantelpiece I spread my purchases.

Item—Three small rubber-and-mica house masks, for the eyes only. (Those big contrivances almost choke one.)

Item—Package of hydrophile cotton and a pile of big handkerchiefs. These, at need, to be saturated.

Item—Solutions, in quart bottles, of (a) hyposulphite and water, and (b) bicarbonate of soda and water. You hold the wet pad to mouth and nose while running out of the flat, if a gas bomb bursts in it.

Item—Basket of the same, for use in the cellar.

Item—Medicated folder masks, in metallic cases, to keep them wet. These for the pocket and the street.

Thoughtfully, I soaked the medicated folders. They were soaked already. From the distant air came a musical buzzing. It grew louder, nearer. We know the sound of guarding aeroplanes. In the midday rattle of Paris it is a faint hum. Often we do not hear it till we see crowds staring upward. Almost out of sight, the silvery speck circles.

R-r-r-r! Like a giant bumble bee, in Neuilly twilight, the avion slides across the sky to do its three-hour bit of guarding Paris. And another. And another. And another.

Flap-flap! planes crackle, a noise like Venetian blind slats. They fly quite low, mounting as they penetrate the suburb.

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M-m-m-m! Far off, the returning faction makes for Buc.

In the night stillness one may wake at any hour and hear them. R-r-r-r! (Louder.) R-r-r-r-r-r! Looking out the window you may see a tiny fan-shaped white light slip mysteriously across the blackness.

Ah, be sure we listen, waking in night watches. We know well the other sounds of—— "Crack! Crack!" "Tngg! Tngg!" (Lond-distance, quick-firer and cannon of seventy-five.) And then b-m-m-m! b-m-m-m! (from Mont Valerien). A Zeppelin has got through! The searchlights sweep. All Paris at the window or the cellar stairway.

Blessed patrol! Forty-three aeroplanes compose the guard of Paris proper. In addition, no one knows how many—perhaps fifty—between Paris and the front take turns to cut off the approach.

"Every night the Zeppelins try to sneak through!"

So speaks Mme. D——, our neighbor in the adjoining flat, whose husband is a lieutenant at Mont Valerien, who tells her, which, perhaps, he oughtn't.

"Sometimes they are stopped at Nanteuil, or St. Just, or Clermont, just as happens. They try to slip in, around by Beauvais. As soon as seen they turn tail. (Then, inconsequently.) Some time they'll come by daylight, with their cloud makers!"

Zeppelin cloud makers—new product of German science.

Bombs they are, but exploding high in the air, beside the Zeppelins, disengaging thick black smoke in immense quantity. A black cloud soon surrounds the airship. Bang! Bang! The cloud swells, extends. The Zeppelin navigates within it, hidden.

She dreads air fighting over Paris.

She even dreads their hitting the air pirate. Every time a Zeppelin is shot down it smashes a lot of houses with its falling explosives.

* * *

She dreads the contradictory nature of the Zeppelin bombs.

Fire bombs contain plaques of thermite, used in industry for self-soldering metals. It generates 5,000 degrees of heat, Centigrade, melting its way through iron girders and cement floors. Water has no effect on it. It goes right through a house from top to bottom.

"I'd better be in the street," says madame.

Trinitrotoluol bombs, explosive, eighteen times worse than nitroglycerin. They weigh 180 pounds each—thick iron shells, heavier than an ordinary man—and smash down through three or four floors.

"I'd better be in the cellar," says madame.

Poison gas bombs! Whether the liquified stuff be chlorine, bromine, nitrogenous or dioxyde of sulphur gas, it is so heavy that it seldom rises above fifteen feet from the ground and flows like water into trenches or cellars.

"I'd better be in my flat," says madame.

Finally, the typhoid-cholera bombs.

"They'd catch me even in the countryside," says madame, "fleeing in the auto!"

Twilight in Neuilly-Paris.

Nearer comes the musical humming.

Flap-flap!

I point to the shining aeroplane from Buc.

Madame smiles dubiously—and strikes up "Tipperary."

STERLING HEILIG.

THE WHOLE FAMILY SEEKS SHELTER IN THE CELLAR.

Italy's Watchful King.

A GOOD story is told of King Victor Emmanuel's zeal for efficiency.

Some years ago his minister of foreign affairs, Signor Prinetti, asked his majesty to sign a decree for the augmentation of the staff of the foreign office. The king promised to think the matter over, and the next morning set out alone on foot to pay a visit to the office. Arriving at 9 o'clock, he found no one there. A long search unearthed a solitary clerk, who was smoking cigarettes.

"What are the hours of this office?" asked the king.

"From 8 to 12," was the reply.

"And when may I expect to see your colleagues?"

"They generally turn up about 11."

"Very well. When your chief comes, tell him the king has been here."

And then his majesty sent for Signor Prinetti and suggested that instead of asking for more clerks he should make it his business to see that those already on the staff attended to their duties.

Longings.

A WELL known essayist and connoisseur of New York attended recently an artistic tea in Washington Square.

Near-artists of all sorts—near-poets, near-sculptors, near-painters and near-novelists—attended the tea. The ladies wore djibbahs of green burlap. The gentlemen wore sandals. The collation was vegetarian, of course.

Looking calmly at that mass of freaks, he said, with a smile:

"Artistic longings consist invariably, it seems, of long hair, long teeth and long faces—everything but long purses, in fact."